

TWO TRUSTS A DAY.

Is President Roosevelt in earnest in his declarations against the trusts? If he is he needs to be up and doing. While he is talking about restraining the trusts new trusts are being organized at the rate of two a day.

Yesterday's news was that the reorganization of the Fuller Construction Company contemplated a monopoly of the building business in this city and that individual building contractors would be crowded out of existence. It was further announced that the historic stogy, an heirloom from the earlier and better days of the Republic, was heretofore to be a trust-made article.

Thus do the trusts strike alike at the rich and the poor and defy alike capital and labor, the President and the people.

Do they do any harm? Well, The World this morning publishes a list of sixteen trust-made and tariff-protected articles for which the American people are forced to pay an average of 40 per cent. above the prices paid by the foreigner for the same goods when exported.

The Colorado Climate.—Two Eastern delegates to the Hibernal Convention at Denver have been stimulated to such a degree by the atmosphere that their nerves could not stand the strain. The Colorado climate has long been regarded as a very choice article.

THE ELOPING DAUGHTER.

When Addie Murphy, a San Francisco bank president's daughter, eloped with a young Kentuckian a few days ago her father said, with pathos of the lime-light kind: "Yesterday I had a daughter; to-day she is dead to me." And he forthwith disinherited her.

The daughter's chosen suitor is a boy of very distinguished ancestry, even as blue-grass ancestry goes. He is a grandson of John C. Breckinridge, who ran against Lincoln for the Presidency. The paternal objection to him is that he "may follow in his father's footsteps and become dissipated." If he does, the young wife will be unhappy and the father can only console himself with what satisfaction there is in a prophecy fulfilled. But as the knot is tied and the daughter has had her way, is there any occasion for paternal tantrums? Is passive obedience to a father's will indicated for girls of marriageable age in affairs of the heart? In the scheme of things nature has provided for a certain freedom of choice in daughters. This one prefers a youth of good breeding, though inclined to be wild, to one of staid habits.

In the homey phrase, she has made her bed and must lie on it. She is taking chances of unhappiness which the father's more worldly experience foresees and probably exaggerates. But it cannot be said that he improves matters by his attitude of melodramatic objection.

Still with Us.—It appears from the experience of Mr. Frederick J. Hansen, fruit grower, of Fitzgerald, Ga., that the bunco man is still extant in New York, that he is in quite flourishing circumstances and that the rustic visitor can easily find him, even if the police cannot.

THE YOUNG MAN'S CHANCES.

One Mr. Klepetko, of Butte, Mont., is coming to New York to accept a salary of \$75,000 as consulting engineer in the copper mining business. Mr. Klepetko is a very young man, but he already has the reputation of being the best engineer in the United States on the smelting of copper and other ores.

It is the frequency of incidents such as this which effectually dispose of the dismal theory that young men do not have the same chance now as in an earlier generation.

Mr. Schwab, the capable head of the Steel Trust, is a young man. Tesla and Marconi are both young men. Senator Beveridge is a young man. President Roosevelt is a young man. They are finding out that young men make good bank presidents, and even in the colleges, where we should expect age and experience to prevail, it is now almost the rule to choose only young men as presidents.

In business, in the professions, in politics, in the church and in literature it is the young men who are taking the lead. In this country there is no discrimination against efficiency on the score of age. If there is any it is rather the old men who have the right to complain that they are getting the worst of it. But even this disadvantage, if it exists, is fully compensated by the victories the older men are winning in the field of matrimony.

A Hard Problem.—What is to be done with cases like the Northrop case in New Haven, in which two young parents allowed their thirteen-month-old child to die in convulsions without calling in medical aid because they were Christian Scientists and believed in the healing power of prayer?

CATCHING IT BOTH WAYS.

Prosperity seems to be raining on the United States on all sides. The good and evil fortunes of other countries alike turn to our advantage.

While the Boer war was on we did a roaring business in supplying Great Britain with mules, dressed beef, ammunition, rations and all the supplies of war. Now that the war is over another demand is made on us. This time it comes from the side of Africa in the shape of shipments of all the implements and supplies of peace to make good the ravages of the war and to give a fresh impetus to the industries of the defeated Boers.

Year by year we are becoming the world's granary and supply depot for all requirements.

A KISS IN THE TUNNEL.

The Lackawanna's tunnel through the Hoboken hills is dark and long and the many passengers who go in thereat are glad to emerge safely even at the price of sulphuretted lungs. Some of them may be willing to allege in behalf of Broker Edwin Condon, charged with kissing Mrs. Joseph Farrell within this tunnel, that he was temporarily upset mentally, momentarily non compos mentis. Granting the truth of the charge against him he certainly chose an awkward moment for the exhibition of his ardor. If there is a time for all things it can hardly be said that the time for osculation is in a passenger car charged with coal gas and roaring through this excellent imitation of a descent to Hades.

Nor can we think Mr. Condon a connoisseur in kisses, if he took this one as alleged. Ruby lips and dewy mouths are all very well, but does a refined osculatory care for kisses flavored with coal smoke? Better far a kiss in hopeless fancy feigned on a more fitting occasion. It can be readily understood that the shock of such inopportune labial contact would anger the unsuspecting victim, and feminine and masculine sympathy will alike be bestowed on Mrs. Farrell.

The Funny Side of Life.

JOKES OF OUR OWN.

THE STYX FERRY.

I purchased a suburban home (Twas foolish of me, very). Because the agent blandly said: "Ten minutes from the ferry."

But I have lived to find the truth In what the fellow stated. It is ten minutes from the one By Charon operated.

ANOTHER LETTER.

"Is that an A.I. dog you've got?"
"No; only a K9."

THE CHANGE.

"You say she is no longer an actress?"
"Yes. Since her salary's been raised to \$300 a week she's become an artiste."

A SUGGESTION.

"What was done with the 'creepers' left in Lattimer's room?"
"They have probably been turned over to the police in recognition of the force's slowness in the case."

A BACK NUMBER.

Clara—I heard that joke when I was ten years old.
Maudie—Really? I'd no idea it was so much over fifty years old.

BORROWED JOKES.

THE WAY OF WOMEN.

She—Married? The ideal! And she was just beginning to make her name famous as a novelist.

He—It only proves that no woman can make her name so famous that she wouldn't change it if she got a chance.—Philadelphia Press.

THE BIGGEST TIPS.

"I tell you what," grumbled the pessimistic waiter, "people ain't giving tips like they used to in the old days."

"That's right," replied the good-natured waiter, facetiously, "there was Beau, for instance, who gave his birthright for a mess of pottage."—Philadelphia Press.

SURE TO BE PREJUDICED.

Friend—Don't look so blue. You have a good case.

Jimson—No use. I'll lose. I know I'll lose. Every man on that jury either bought or rented a house of me when I was in the real-estate business.—New York Weekly.

SOMEBODIES.

BOYER, ALBERT—a French builder, is here studying our skyscrapers with a view to erecting a twenty-story building, an acre and a half in area, in Paris. The edifice will cost about \$1,200,000.

DEAN, MRS. A. A. J.—of Boston, is the only survivor of the juvenile chorus which first sang "America." It was sung by that chorus on July 4, 1832. Mrs. Dean is now in her eighty-fourth year.

EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA—can have meat for breakfast for a few days. One of his subjects has just died, leaving His Majesty the large sum of \$2.

LEBON, C. P.—of Boston, has sent President Lebel, of France, a bound book of poems written about the visit of the Rochambeau party to the Hub.

MORGAN, J. P.—has given the Jardin des Plantes museum of Paris a \$10,000 set of precious stones. The despatch fails to state whether or not the stones are coal.

THOMPSON-SETON, ERNEST—the man who twists his name and refers to many deers as his "little brothers," has finished a home at Cye Cob, purposely leaving a great part of the estate a wilderness.

YORKE, REV. P. C.—declares that 50,000 people in America speak Gaelic and that as many more are studying it. Maybe he means golf.

THE FALTERER.

He wondered at the joy that passed him by,
And wondered that he lacked,
He knew not why;
He met the captured look of him who knelt,
And some sweet influence he dimly felt.

The while he pondered if he run the race,
He heard the plaudits, saw the victor's face,
He stood before a roadway, still untried,
"Might fame be there?" And wondering—he died.

—Richard Scare.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Another Boy's Testimony.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
In answer to the boy who won't let his sister marry him, I say he did perfectly right. I am a boy of ten, and I have three sisters who try to oase me, but I won't let them. If I try to stop my older sisters when they hit me they always tell my mother. But they think I am going to let them hit me and I won't back at them. RAY TUN.

"Ought to Be Ashamed."

To the Editor of The Evening World:
In answer to "An Office Boy's" letter in your paper, I would say that the boy who wrote it ought to be ashamed of himself. He says he has to carry books and the "boss's" valise to the station. Why not? He is paid for it, is he not?

As to being paid the smallest wages in the office, does he think he is going to be paid the head bookkeeper's wages? He must rise to that position, if he expects it. I have just returned from a vacation and I thought I would have a lot of extra work to do, but I have found that my employer has in on ventured himself to do some of the work for me. AN OFFICE BOY.

How to Cure Bashfulness.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
A bashful correspondent asks how to overcome his fear of asking for a job and how to cure bashfulness. The applicant for a position must be bold. Honesty, temperance and good conduct in themselves will not make one bold. In children, these attributes serve

EXCITING DAYS FOR MISS BROOKLYN.



"Oh, dear me, suz!" Miss Brooklyn gasps, "This town's a-gettin' awful! And just to think how proud I used to be we was so lawful! They're jammin' cars with shoutin' sports. They're shootin' folks to pieces. I'd like to know what's comin' next, and likewise where my p'lice is!"

HIS DESPAIR.



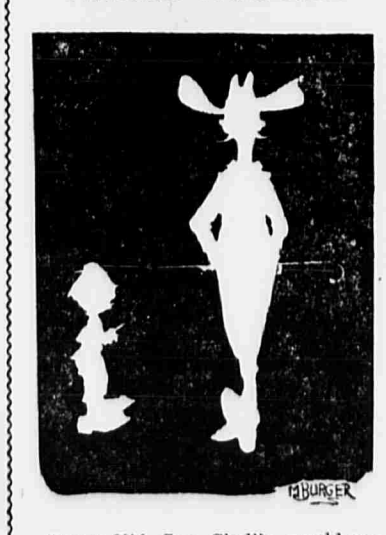
"Jack proposed to me to-day."
"Well, I'm not surprised. When I rejected him last night he said he'd do something desperate."

DIFFERENT AGAIN.



He—Are you going West on your doctor's advice?
She—No, on my lawyer's.

'TWOULD STUN HER.



Tough Kid—Say, Chollie, would yer mind letting me have a loan of yer Panama ter go and see me goll?

HIS PAST.



Wayside Ike—Yes, lady, at one time I was a teller in a bank. I used to tell de people which window to take der money to.

OF COURSE.



She—What can you want a dime for? Not to spend in drink, I should hope.

He—No'm: I want er git me photograph took.

TRAINING.



New York Friend—Why, Brooklynite, you're not going to play football in midsummer?

Brooklynite—Yes, I do the rush and tackle at every morning and evening in the bridge lan.

ODDITY CORNER.

FLINT.

It is said that the flint which forms the sub-stratum of London is nothing but petrified sponges. An examination of the fossil sponge or flint shows its structure.

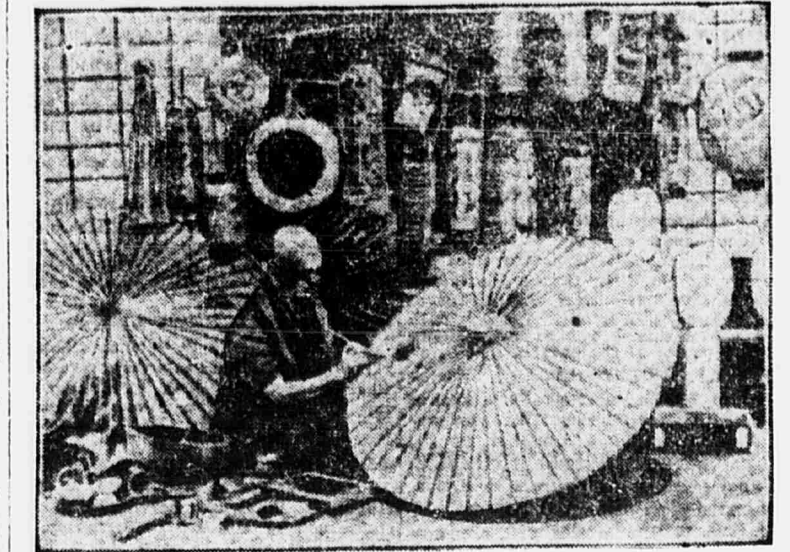
PHILATELIC.

The first stamped envelopes were issued in 1853 of the two denominations of three and six cents, and it was not until two years later that the 10-cent envelope was added.

OIL FOR DUST.

Thin, inodorous preparations of petroleum, tar and tar oil are to be used for laying the dust in the environs of Paris.

JAPANESE UMBRELLA-MAKER.



Umbrella-making is regarded as a fine art in Japan, and it is one of the most lucrative occupations.

A TOPSY-TURVY ROOM.

A recent writer says: "An actual topsy-turvy room existed near Paris some years ago and may still exist. I was the guest of the owner of the house from Saturday to Monday. He was a bachelor, very convivial in his taste, and we were a very jolly party of men. When we broke up, about 2 o'clock on Sunday morning, one of our number, sound asleep on the couch in the billiard room, was carried out like a log by a couple of servants. My host gave me a solemn wink and told me that if a sudden summons came I was to rush from my bedroom, or else I might miss a sight worth seeing. I wanted nothing, but sleep—and was relieved when the summons came to find that it was broad daylight. Yawning, I followed the valet, and found myself with four others silently peeping through little holes in a wall. The scene was absurd, ridiculous. A dazed man, slowly waking to full consciousness, was lying on a plastered floor, looking up in horror at a carpeted ceiling. Two heavy couches, an easy-chair, chairs and tables, securely fastened, stared down at him from above. The man's eyes at last rested on a flower pot directly over his head, from which a fluttering rose—apparently real—was blooming. He gave a cry, and, rolling over, grasped with frenzied hands the stem of the chandelier which came up through the floor. The host burst into the room with a loud laugh. 'They all do it,' he cried. 'They fear they will fall up to the ceiling!'"

A SINGULAR CANINE.

What is regarded as the most curious dog in all Europe was captured a few months ago in the Soudan, and was presented to the zoological garden in Paris. The scientific name of this animal is "lycaon pectus," and it is the first specimen that has been taken alive, at least in modern times. It slightly resembles a hyena in color and in the shape of its head and teeth, but on the other hand its hind legs are of the same height as the front legs, whereas the hind legs of a hyena are shorter. Its coat is yellow, black and gray, and its countenance is very intelligent. In Africa these dogs often annoy sportsmen by carrying off antelope and other game which the sportsmen have killed. When they cannot get a meal in this easy way they hunt for prey themselves and, as they are possessed of great speed and endurance, they quickly run down any animal they pursue. According to antiquarians the old Egyptians were wont to train these dogs and use them for hunting antelope.

FINE WRITING.

Indiana people are said to view their numerous successful authors with calm satisfaction and no undue pride, to regard authors, in fact, as Mrs. Todgers, in "Martin Chuzzlewit," viewed her boarders, "with heartfelt affection beaming out of one eye and honest opinion 'glaring out of the other,'" says Harper's Magazine. But there seems to be no diversity of Indiana opinion on the merits of Lew Wallace's "Ben-Hur." The Western compiler of a forthcoming volume on Indiana writers refers to the chariot race in "Ben-Hur" as "certainly the finest bit of descriptive writing extant."

THE FATAL DISCOVERY.

Calpurnia Bristol drew back with an expression of horror upon her fair young face. Her bosom rose and fell like a taboret on a clothesline when the wind blows, and her delicate, sensitive nostrils dilated to the last notch, says the Chicago Record-Herald.

Reginald Briggs saw at once that something was the matter. Instinctively his hand went up to his necktie. It seemed to be in place, and his collar had not come unbuttoned. "Fair one," he cried at last, when he could bear the strain no longer. "What is it? Nay, do not seek to conceal it from me. My reason tells me that you are agitated. Let me know the truth. I am strong. I can stand it."

"No, no, no!" she cried, burying her face in her hands and trying in vain to keep back her emotion. "Go away. Do not put me to the test. Oh, heaven! This is terrible!" Overcome by her emotion, she sat down upon a rustic bench and sobbed.

The young man bent over her and said in pleading tones: "Tell me—tell me, Calpurnia—I mean!"

"Cease!" she cried, dashing her tears away and indignantly facing him. "Never address me again! I supposed that you were wearing a Panama hat, but I see that it is only a limitation. And I have walked all around the clubhouse in your company before everybody!"

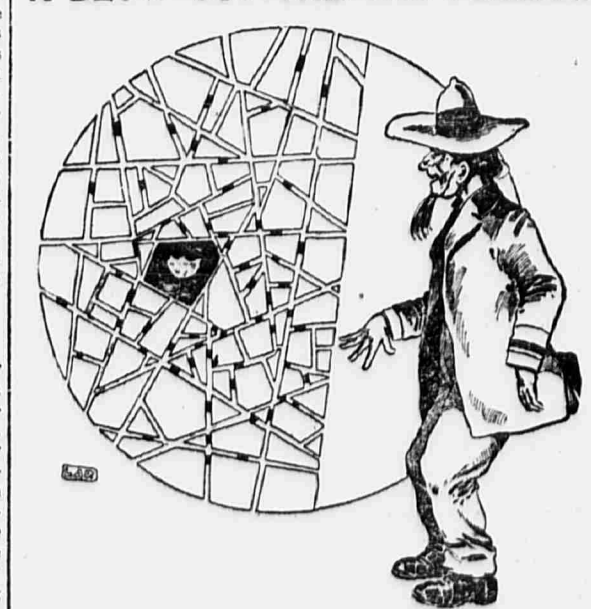
He slipped out through a side gate a moment later and ran through the woods, wondering whether it would be better to try to live it down or keep on toward the setting sun.

NEW WOMEN OF AMERICA.



This is a photograph of some wild Igorote women taken at Bangued, Philippine Islands. They are Americans now, you know. The Igorotes are a round-limbed people, wholly lacking in angularities or any such proof of physical strength as may be seen in such primitive people as, for instance, the Tehuelches of Patagonia. Nor do they appear to have that suppleness or the beautiful physical lines of the Apache Indian, though the one race is as wild as the other and the highest type of physical development ought to be found in both. The difference in the Apache's favor is doubtless due to his tribal custom of taking certain physical exercises from childhood.

A BLOW-OUT-THE-GAS PUZZLE.



Through which channel must the gentleman from Flat bush blow to put out the gas?

MOVING IN JAPAN.



Moving day in Japan has none of the terrors it possesses for the American family. Two or three or a half dozen coolies will carry on their backs, after the fashion of this photograph, all the household goods of a large and well-to-do family.